picked young men of Bristol; and a braver, or more noble hearted set of boys never trod the deck of a vessel. If there ever was a commander who had cause to be proud of his ship and crew, it was I. I had not a man, who in an emergency, was not qualified to take the command of any vessel, so that I never was at fault in selecting a prize crew. In any cutting out, or expedition on shore, on English ground, where a few fearless and prudent men were required, I could never call for volunteers, as every man and boy on board, would instantly present himself, and beg to be sent on the service. Mine was indeed a crew to be proud of; and I loved my boys.

"By the 20th we had passed through the sailor's purgatory, the Doldrums—a region of perpetual calm, where the tropical rains pour a ceaseless torrent from out the leaden clouds; and the next morning found us running up into the south east trades.

"Towards evening a heavy bank of clouds, surcharged with rain, and with strongly defined outlines, rose in sullen grandeur from the horizon to the windward, and threw a shadow of inky blackness upon the sea in that direction. The white caps of the breaking waves under the increasing cloud gleamed like snow-drifts by contrast, and this appearance was hightened by the phosphorescent light which illumiuated the crests of the seas.

"The breeze which had been blowing fresh from the south-east, now began to flag and chop around to the eastward, varying from that point to the south-east again and to the south'ard. There was every indication of a gale. So directing sails to be shortened, and everything made snug alow and aloft, I retired to my cabin.

"About midnight I returned to the deck, and found the night extremely dark. The clouds, which had made their appearance to windward, had spread over the heavens, and broken up into broad, black heaps of vapor. They were completely arched over the sea, marking the near horizon closing around us with a distinct line of illuminated spray. It was one of those singular appearances which I do not remember to have observed anywhere but within the tropics.

"The wind had nearly died into a calm. Occasionally the moon, with a desperate struggle, would send down a few straggling rays through some ragged rent in the gloomy mists overhead; then a long, solitary, pale beam would flash out, and light up, with a sudden gleam, a narrow strip of sea in the distance, showing us the tumbling waves, glistening like molten silver. Then the moonlight would fade gradually away, and appear, quite unlooked for, through some other cloud rent, in another place. The dull glimmering of the straggling beams, and the subdued phosphorescent illumination of the sea, with the monotonous breaking of the waves upon our cutwater and quarters, and the easy rolling of the vessel, had a soothing influence upon the senses of the watch on deck; and they found it necessary to keep in motion to shake off their drowsiness.

"I had been on deck but a few minutes, barely long enough to note what I have described, when the man stationed in the foretop—for we were now on our cruising ground, and a look-out was continually kept aloft—cried out—'*Sail ho!*'

"'Where away?' inquired Mr. Richmond, who was officer of the watch, that night.

"'Right off the lee bow, sir,' replied the sailor.

"'What do you make her out?'

"'Can't tell, sir, yet;—she is partly hid in a bank of mist. Now, sir, it clears a little. It's a *ship*, sir!'

"'What does she look like?' I now inquired.

"'She looks like a Canton trader, sir;—I'm sure she's English built.'

"'What's her course?'

"'She's heading sou'-sou'-west, sir.'

"By this time all was commotion on board the Yankee, and as I sprang into the main rigging with my night-glass in hand, a moonbeam glanced out from a silvery break in the clouds to leeward, and lighting up a golden pathway over the heaving waves, fell directly upon the white sails of the stranger, not a mile distant. She was an English Indiaman, without doubt. Our quarterdeck was now swarming with officers, who, some with night-glasses and others with the unaided eye, were intently engaged in scanning her.

"'What the d—l is she doing on that tack!' exclaimed Mr. Richmond. 'It strikes me as somewhat odd that a homeward-bound Indiaman should be running down in that direction.' But while the officer was yet speaking, the matter was explained; the stranger shook out all her canvass; and running up her light sails, dropped two points more off the wind. She had evidently discovered us before we had seen her, and now evinced a willingness to give us a wide berth.

"'Mr. Richmond,' said I, 'we must overhaul that fellow, and find out what he is made of.'

"'Yes, sir!' replied he, and hailing the watch, gave orders to crowd all sail.

"In a few moments we were bowling along on the same tack with the stranger. She sailed well before the wind; and for several hours we could not perceive that we had gained an inch on her. In the meantime, the clouds were lighting up a little; and the moon, pouring her light more steadily upon the sea, enabled us to keep sight of the chase from the deck, and without the aid of glasses.

"When the day began to break, we observed that for some unaccountable reason the stranger changed her tack, and lay close in the wind, which now blew a steady eight-knot breeze from the south-east. This was our best tack, and soon it was evident we were rapidly gaining upon her. She was a small ship, and lay deep in the water as if heavily freighted. Her sides were rusty, as if long at sea, and in many other respects she had the usual appearance of homeward-bound vessels from India.

"But there was something in the perfection of her rig, and in the quiet and easy manner she was handled, that excited suspicion. Besides, her conduct in changing her tack, on a course where she was sure of being overhauled by us, was inexplicable.

"'What do you think of her, Mr. Richmond?' said I to my first officer, who had been some time closely occupied in watching the stranger.

"'She is evidently less anxious to get out of our way than she was last night, sir,' was his reply. 'It's my opinion she is either a neutral or a rogue.'

"'I begin to have my own doubts,' said I. 'At all events, we'll make her show her colors. Give her a shot from one of the starboard-bow guns, and have all hands piped to quarters.'

"The order was executed promptly, and as the crew came pouring up through the hatches, in obedience to the shrill whistle of the boatswain, the iron throat of the nine-pounder disturbed the silence of the sea with its roar; and as the breeze lifted the white smoke, a small rent in the foretopsail of the ship showed that the shot had told.

"Still the stranger kept on her course, in dogged sullenness; neither condescending to show his flag, or even to return our shot.

"'Give her another shot, there. We'll bring her to reason yet. Clear the decks for action. I perceive, Mr. Richmond, there is fight in that fellow, if we can coax it out of him.'

"In the meantime, we continued rapidly to gain upon the ship, coming up under her windward quarter. We were within musket range when I directed the officer to hail her.

"'Ho! Ship ahoy!'

"'Hillo!' came back, in a sullen growl.

"'What ship is that?'

"No answer was given directly to this last hail, but an officer seemed to be engaged in bending a flag to the gaff halyards; and when the hail was repeated, in no very gentle tones, a dark ball of bunting rose slowly aloft, and with a skillful jerk of the halyards, fell from its confinement, and the the British Jack floated out gracefully upon the breeze. At the same instant our hail was answered—

"'*His Majesty's Sloop-of-War Tigress!*'

"And simultaneous with this reply she opened a long tier of larboard ports, and exposed to our astonished view twelve guns of heavy calibre, bearing directly upon our decks.

"'Sink the d—d Yankees!—Fire!" was roared from the quarter deck of the ship!—and the next instant her heavy broadside, came crashing, and tearing through our bulwarks, strewing our deck with ruin and death, and making sad havoc with our spars and rigging. The smoke of the enemy, however, had hardly floated away from the mouths of the guns, when we returned our entire broadside of six guns, and swept her decks almost as effectually as she had ours.

"'*We had caught a Tartar!* and our legs were of no use now. Besides, we were badly crippled. Our foremast was shattered to splinters, and would soon go by the board. We were in for fight; and I determined to give the Englishman all he wanted, or sink in the attempt. He would blow us out of water in another broadside like that.

"'Call away the boarders!' shouted I. 'Men, fill your belts from the arm chests, and prepare to follow me. Mr. Richmond, send some men into the forecastle with muskets, and lay us foul of that fellow, without a moments delay.'

"'Aye, aye Sir'—and in less time than it takes to tell it, the jibboom of the Yankee, fouled through the fore rigging of the ship; and the two vessels fell side by side in a deathlike embrace. In an instant we poured like an avalanche upon her swarming deck. Our heavy guns were now useless; and muskets, pistols, sabres, and boarding pikes, were the weapons that now came into play. My boys fought like devils; and although the crew of the man-of-war numbered more than two to our one, we knew it was to be victory, or death. The enemy, we were aware, would give us no quarters. I endeavored to be the first on the ship's deck; but I had no sooner leaped from the bulwarks, than I found myself surrounded by scores of my gallant fellows. In the mean time, our men, in the rigging of the schooner, poured down a hail storm of musket shot upon the heads of the English. It was a desperate fight; and the enemy fought with a cool and determined courage; but they had not counted on so desperate an assault.

"The Tigress, had been cruising for us, thus disguised, for some months; and after scouring up and down the African coast, without encountering us, had finally sought for us, in these latitudes. She had skillfully covered her true character. Had we suspected, who she really was, we would not have courted an engagement with her; but would have shown her a fine specimen of superior sailing on the wind;—we would have considered 'discretion the better part of valor.' She carried more than double our amount of metal,—having twenty-four nine and twelve pounders, and as I said before, more than double the complement of men. But now we stood upon her decks, struggling knife to knife, and breast to breast. Pistol and musket shots whistled through our crowded ranks, like hail; and covered the decks of both vessels with blood. The dead and dying, lay in heaps about us. But still we fought on. As the breeze lifted the sulphury vapor, breathed by our fire-arms, the morning beams glanced on sabre blades and boarding pikes, as balanced for an instant in the air, they came crashing down upon the heads of the combatants. We soon obtained a footing upon the forecastle of the ship, and drove the enemy towards the quarter deck. They continued to pour the shot into us at a fearful rate; but our boys maddened by the sight of their fallen comrades fought blindly. It was blood,—all blood! Even now, I sicken at the recollection of it. It was indeed a fearful struggle. At one time, I turned my eye towards our little vessel, as she continued closely entangled in the rigging of the ship,—and not a single man, or boy of her surviving crew, could I discover on board of her. They were, to a man, struggling with me upon that slippery deck.

"An idea now occurred to me, as I turned my eyes hurriedly over the side of the ship, and observed our disparity of size. Lying close under the quarter of the man-of-war, if we could work our starboard guns, we could bore her betwixt wind and water; while her own shot would pass above our decks, and spend their fury upon our spars and rigging.

"'Back to your decks men, and man the starboard guns' shouted I;—and in another moment, they had cleared away the wreck and litter from the main deck, and were prepared to work the guns with renewed energy;—and as the last surviving man of us, sprang from the bulwarks of the enemy, to our own,—they poured a broadside into her, which crashing through the timbers, drove a hurricane of shot and splinters across her crowded decks, and made her scuppers run afresh with human gore.

"'Give it to them again, boys!'—and again the iron and wooden death, thinned the ranks of the English. But all this time, the foe was by no means idle. After our second broadside, they had returned to their larboard guns, and rapidly discharged them over our heads; but they were comparatively harmless, from their high range.

"We continued to work away with unflagging energy. I could see that our shots were telling fearfully upon the ship, and tearing great holes through her sides. Suddenly, the firing ceased, and there seemed to be an extraordinary commotion on board of her.

"'They are preparing to board us!—stand to your posts, men!'

"But no!—she has now another foe, than man to contend with. A little cloud of blue smoke is seen issuing from her main hatch. Presently we heard a hurried running to and fro over the lower decks; and then the splash, splash, of buckets of water, dashed violently upon the sides of the ship. She was on fire!

"'Cut loose our fore riggimg!' I yelled to the men on the forecastle; and soon axes were slashing in among the hamper, which held the two vessels together; and we broke away from the ship, and forged ahead of her,—where we obtained a raking position. But as I was about to improve it, our whole attention was absorbed in watching a dense column of black smoke, that poured out of her hatchways and ports. The next moment, a bright scarlet flame shot upwards from her main hatch, and spreading, streamed out at the ports, and crept up the masts and rigging.

"The firey serpents crawled over the decks,—up on to the bulwarks, and along the tarry ropes, devouring the rails, as they came down by the run,—licking up the splinters and litter, which lay strewn confusedly about,—and soon the gallant ship was enveloped in the fiery pall. But still through all this terrific scene, the proud old British union, waved defiantly upon the breeze; and the guns, as they became heated, continued to give out their sullen notes of battle.

"The surviving officers and crew of the Tigress, gathered upon her quarter deck, and scorning to solicit quarter, stood heroicly awaiting their doom.

"I hailed them with my trumpet, and begged them, for God's sake, to seek shelter on board my vessel. But no!—they either did not, or would not hear;—and though all my boats had been lowered into the sea, and our brave fellows, forgetful of their recent hot blood, now stood ready for the word, to fly to their rescue,—they refused all aid.

"Our vessel had now drifted some distance to leeward of the burning ship; and while we were still gazing tearfully upon the fearful sight of a noble ship, with a crew of gallant men, sacrificing themselves to the pitiless element, rather than yield to their fellow-men,—a black mountain of smoke and vapor, rose suddenly from the sea, where she lay,—a bright, blinding flash gleamed over the waves,—a dull, heavy, stunning roar, which seemed to vibrate to the very bottom of the ocean, and we were *alone* upon the deep!—only a few portions of wreck and broken furniture, a few dismembered and lifeless bodies, remained, of what, a moment before, was—His Majesty's Sloop-of-War Tigress."

## MEMORIES OF ——.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Thou canst not wholly perish, though the sod
Sink with its violets closer to thy breast—
Though, by the feet of generations trod,
The head-stone crumbles from thy place of rest."

Beauty in dust! It is the common story.
Scarce had the morning stars together sung
Their first glad hymn of burning love and glory
Ere tears of blood from human hearts wore wrung,
To gush above a grave in whose deep breast
A young, bright form had found undreaming rest.

But never in the earth's all-quiet bosom
Was laid a sweeter, brighter shape than thine;
Never will mourning roses bud and blossom
O'or the last sleep of beauty more divine.
Oh, thy fair form will linger in my dreams
Till life's last light fades from their twilight beams.

Thou daring boy, and beautiful as daring,
Though changing years have passed me since we met,
The loveliness I saw thy childhood wearing
Has been a thing too wild'ring to forget;
And—but thou art not in the dust and gloom,
Though gone forever from *earth's* light and bloom.

Oh, when thy young heart's fiery life was rushing
In crimson streams before thy startled eye,
And thou didst know by its fast, feverish gushing,
That in thy youth's sweet dream-time thou must die,
How fearful was the agony represt,
Bright, reckless boy, in thy proud, silent breast.

I dream upon thy dark eye's burning splendor,
By its black, heavy lashes sweetly vailed,
Thy voice so deep and musical and tender,
Thy cheek that passion soon had flushed or paled—
Ay, all the grace thy radiant boyhood wore,
Till my heart-yearns to look on thee once more.

And oft when Night is dreaming in the Heaven,
And angels are abroad among the stars,
When to the breeze's sigh a sound is given
That seems the music from the Eden-bars—
I see the young moon wander through the blue,
And gaze thro' space as if to see thee too.

Sleep on—sleep on—the eternal music sweeping
From Nature's lyres no more shall reach thine ear,
The sun's glad smiling and the storm's wild weeping,
The meteor-gleam of joy—the lingering fear,
The myrtle-blooming and the Upas-blight,
Have ceased to give thee sorrow or delight.

* * * * * * *

# ANDREW WAITLAND'S LIFE.

## AN EPISODE OF WAR.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

In a long day's ride one might scarcely hope to find so happy a family as that of Andrew Waitland. Their happiness was not dependent upon wealth, nor luxury, nor high station, nor any of the external appointments of splendid living. They were poor, and their home was a whitewashed log cabin, situated in the midst of a clearing made by Andrew's ax wielded by his strong arms.

The family consisted of Andrew, his wife Helen, and two little chubby, cherry-cheeked children, who played all day in the sun, and grew ruddy, and strong, and beautiful their parents believed.

The honest pair were well content with their lot, not because they did not hope to better it in future, but because they had prophecy of that future in their fertile, well-watered acres, and in their own untiring industry and economy.

Like most parents, they had already commenced laying plans for their children, and were living far more for them than for themselves. Each night they went, before they betook themselves to rest, to look upon their sleeping little ones, and to ask the blessing of God upon them. In the morning their first thoughts went toward the little bed where their children lay. All day at work—Andrew wielding the ax or following the plough, Helen busied with household cares or plying the needle—they thought for, toiled for, these precious ones. Loving each other very truly, their love only seemed perfected in this mutual devotion to a common charge.

Harsh upon the calm of this happy life fell the alarm of war. A new contest between America and Great Britain had commenced. The war of 1812 had been declared. His country called, and Andrew Waitland, good husband, loving father, earnest patriot, could not resist the call. His home was to be defended, his rights, menaced in the wrongs inflicted upon his native land, to be asserted.

A swift rider dashing along the forest road stopped at the clearing just long enough to summon Andrew to join a detachment of militia at a frontier town, a half day's journey distant. Like Putnam, our Cincinnatus left his plough in the furrow, shouldered his musket and knapsack, spoke his hasty, but fervent and not tearless farewell to his wife and little ones, and then sturdily wended his way to the camp.

Helen watched him as he moved steadily along the embowered road, the sun gleaming through interstices of the foliage upon the bright barrel of his musket, and lighting his waving brown hair as he turned, before he disappeared beyond the slight eminence that bounded her view, and waved his cap in a last farewell.

Helen was a courageous woman, a true patriot, and ready to make her share of sacrifices for the common weal. She had not allowed herself to doubt the probability of Andrew's return. But, nevertheless, as she thus looked upon his mute salutation, and waved her snowy apron in return, it was with a sinking of the heart, a sudden stagnation of the life-blood, as the danger of the battle-field rose vividly before her. She turned away and wept.

But her tears were soon dried. She had little leisure for the indulgence of demonstrative grief. In an hour she was going cheerfully about her daily toil, and already picturing to herself the return of her beloved husband. Vivid as was her imagination, it did not serve to delineate the scene of the meeting, that was to come.

Days, weeks passed, and Andrew did not return. The expected battle, which caused the sudden summons of the militia, had been fought. Andrew had escaped its perils uninjured, but his term of services had not ended with the emergency which called him from home. The militia had moved onward to the defence of another point, and he had been forced to accompany them without visiting his home.

In vain Helen watched and waited for his coming. In vain at morning and evening she scanned the forest road. In vain the children asked for their father, and sobbed themselves to sleep with his name upon their lips. Still he came not. Amidst the varied dangers of war, Helen seldom heard from him even, and her heart was often heavy with fearful apprehensions.

At length, after many months, a letter in the well-known handwriting reached her. It was dated at a distant seaport whither the chances of war had carried him, and informed her that her husband was about going to sea. Vessels were fitting out for naval service, and he had been induced to enlist. There were directions for the management of his little farm, a sum of money, and many loving messages. His farewell words commended wife and children to the care of Providence, and were written in the hope of a not distant return.

Helen's heart grew heavier at these tidings, but with cheerful alacrity she addressed herself to the performance of the double duties that now fell upon her. And so months passed away in toil scarcely lightened by a hope. Then came the news of a great battle at sea. Andrew's ship had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the crew were either killed or prisoners. Which fate had befallen him she could not learn.

Widowed in heart, she still kept on her hard and rugged path. Her children were growing in strength and beauty. With them she could not be wholly desolate, for them no toil nor exertion seemed too great.

The months rolled into years. Once came a rumor that Andrew had been long a prisoner in a British prison ship, but had been discharged or exchanged. But it was only a rumor, and the faint hope it excited died out when he neither returned, nor sent any tidings of his welfare.

Years had now passed since his departure. Helen had long mourned him as dead, and looked upon her children as orphans. Women, who amidst prosperity, and with no especial draft upon their energies, would pass through life without the development of any but common place characteristics, often in adversity show themselves equal to all emergencies. This was the case with Mrs. Waitland.

Her husband left her in a tiny log cabin, situated in a clearing of partially tilled land. Ten years after his departure, a fine farm, a comfortable, though plain framed house, surrounded with all the appurtenances of agricultural life, occupied the place of the clearing, and the cabin. A woman, dressed always in widow's weeds, still young and fair, though wearing the sedateness of middle life, a boy and a girl standing on the verge of manhood and womanbood, dwelt in the farm-house. The little cabin, still standing half concealed in the grove that sheltered the larger house, was the home of the stout countryman who tilled the farm under Mrs. Waitland's direction, and of his buxom wife, who assisted in the care of the dairy. The widow Waitland, as she was now called, was looked upon as a prosperous woman.

And prosperity continued to attend her. According to the rural estimates of wealth she was rich. Her acres were fertile, and her crops always of the best. Her children were well educated, dutiful, and affectionate, and save for the dark shadow of her misfortune, she would have been a happy woman.

After a time the calm life of the little household was disturbed. The son brought home a wife; the daughter left her childhood's home for that of a husband. Peace still prevailed, but there was an infusion of new interests into the home life, a breaking of some of its delicate links. The widow was not altogether so happy as of old. She had given up the management of the home-farm to her son, and his wife was now mistress, where she had so long reigned. She was restless without her accustomed employments, and though she had abdicated her authority with a good grace, the habit was too strong to be readily laid aside, and it came to pass that there was some covert jealousy of power between the old and new mistresses of the household.

Nobody was surprised, then, when Mrs. Waitland and Squire Graham were married. The Squire was a widower scarcely past middle age. His children had all left him for other homes, or had sought pursuits beyond the home-circle. He was rich and well esteemed, and took his middle-aged, but still handsome bride, to a fine stately home near the county town, where there were good society, and many privileges, from which her remote residence had hitherto debarred her. Few doubted that Andrew Waitland was dead, and all knew that his long absence had legally dissolved the marriage bond, even if he were living.

The life of Mrs. Graham was very calm and pleasant in her new home. She and her husband were well suited to each other, and felt a mutual attachment, that might have been stronger, though less demonstrative, than the passion of youth. Here years rolled away scarcely marked by change to the inmates of the mansion. Imperceptibly age encroached upon them, making his progress with snowy tints among their hair, with wrinkles, and slight, but warning decrepitude. They were growing old together, and hand-in-hand were nearing the foot of life's descent.

One summer evening they sat together, in pleasant converse, upon the broad verandah that encircled their home, when a man, aged, worn, crippled, and coarsely dressed, appeared upon the scene. Time had left no traces of youthful comeliness upon his scarred and weather-worn features, but his voice was scarcely changed. At its first sound a crowd of memories and associations rushed upon Mrs. Graham's soul. Its tones assured her that, after two score years of wandering, Andrew Waitland had returned.

Over such a meeting one must needs draw the vail of silence. Time and absence had builded a great wall between these long divided beings. A wall so high that only intangible memories could pass it. But their meeting was solemn and sacred.

The first agitated greetings over, Andrew Waitland sat down between the woman who had been his wife, and the man who now claimed her as his own, and told the story of the eight strange lustrums that had passed away since the war-summons called him from his home.

He told how, in the excitement of battles, and marches, and busy camp life, it had gradually grown easier for him to endure absence and separation from wife and children. How at last, being discharged in a distant seaport, he had been induced by the glittering prospect of easy victories and much prize money, to enlist in the sea service of his country. How, for long, his ship had been victorious in every engagement. How, when sailing homeward, with high hopes, they had encountered the enemy's fleet, and defeat and capture had followed. And, in trembling tones, he recounted the sufferings of the prison-hulk, protracted through months and years, during which no opportunity of communicating with his family ever occurred; and told how he had pined for home, for the familiar voices, and the loves and pleasures of his once humble but happy lot.

At length he was discharged. At length the thought of return shaped itself into action. His passage was engaged in a ship bound for New York. With the morning tide they were to sail, and at twilight he walked upon the pier, and looked off, hopefully, to the vessel, riding at anchor, that was to convey him to his native land. Suddenly, in the growing darkness, he felt himself siezed from behind. In an instant he was surrounded by armed men, and hurried away. His expostulations were answered by blows, his cries silenced by a gag.

He was the victim of a press-gang. In the morning he found himself on board a British frigate, and saw the ship on which he was to have sailed going down in the distance, a fair wind wafting her towards his distant home.

The hope of escape alone made his fate endurable. Again and again he attempted it in vain, sailing over the world, and at every port renewing his efforts. So years wore on. With the hope of escape ever vivid, he had never written, because he intended always to carry the tidings of his life and safety to his family.

At length, in a British port, he concerted his last plan. To aid in his escape he had engaged some desperate fellows, whom he believed he had won by lavish use of his prize money. Just as his hopes seemed on the eve of realization his confederates made him their victim. They had been engaged in a robbery, and finding discovery imminent, contrived to throw suspicion on him. He was arrested, on seeming proof convicted, and sentenced to transportation to the penal settlements of Australia. He went out a stalwart man, of middle age. When, in the course of time, he made his escape from his bitter, enforced servitude, he was an old and decrepid man, maimed, scarred, broken in health and hope.

One only wish followed his freedom. To look again upon those he had deserted, and then to die and be buried in his native soil. At least one portion of his wish had been gratified, he had seen Helen, and on the morrow he would visit his children. But the lapse of years and the current of events had made him a stranger to those once dearest and most familiar. His wife was his no longer, but the honored, beloved companion of another. The children he had left in infancy were now past the meridian of life, and surrounded by another generation. His dearest wish was now to die, since life had so few charms, and change had robbed him of all his long-cherished hopes.

And very soon his wish was granted. He died beneath the roof of his son, in sight of the scene of that long-past parting. He died tended by his children, and with the hand of Helen clasped in his. Since all earthly fruitions were denied him, since she who had been the wife of his bosom, was his no longer, since his children were strangers, and his familiar friends had forgotten him, it was well so. It was the happiest ending of a hopeless life of struggle and suffering. And though there were many tears shed over his grave, they were more for the unfulfilled hopes and promises of his life than for its close—they were less for him than for all the wasted boon of his years, and for his purposeless sufferings.

## "GIVE ME SOMETHING TO COMFORT ME."

So said a young girl to an older female friend; and she added: "What has been said about your feeble health makes me feel sad. I am going to be alone this evening and night, and I am afraid I shall be very unhappy. Can't you find me something to read that will make me feel as I ought?" Her friend opened the Bible at the fourteenth chapter of John, and gave it to her—("Let not your heart be troubled," etc.) The next morning they met, and the younger said: "How did you know where to find the very passage that was best for me? I began to read it, and soon felt my unhappiness leave me. What if I should lose you! It would not be very long, and it would be much better for you. And then I should be left in this world no longer than would be best for me. The time would soon pass away, even if it were several years; and then I should meet you again with other friends. It is not hard to bear our troubles here in this world awhile, when we have such comforting words to read as those which you gave me."

## TEACH GOOD THINGS TO CHILDREN.

Yes, teach them, in a pleasant way, the best things you can find, beginning with texts, psalms, and hymns. Then teach them how to use them, by using them yourself, in adversity, sickness, or solitude; and show by your example that they do you good and give you pleasure. You may thus give to every young person within your reach, as it were, the best kind of books, nay, a library, of such a nature that they may carry it with them all their lives, read it at midnight, and never lose or wear it out. Such things have proved like life-preservers to the soul. Attached to the mind by the band of memory, and inflated with the air of Heaven, they sometimes are seen buoying up one in the waves of life, and safely bearing him on, through the storms, to a port of happiness. Those of us whose minds have been stored in childhood with such treasures by wise and good parents or friends, ought to value them aright, and to feel the duty incumbent on us, of doing to others what has been done to us.

## SUPERIORITY OF OUR SCHOOLS.

An American teacher, recently returned from England, reports that our public and private schools generally are decidedly better than those of Great Britain. The following are his views of some of the principal causes: The differences of rank operate in England very powerfully and extensively against the improvement of general education. The children of the royal family are, of course, brought up in seclusion. They are not allowed to be placed on a level with any others. Those of the nobility, in like manner, are kept by themselves; while such as aim at rivaling them, however distantly, imitate them in the manner of bringing up their children. The gentry, the rich, and the aspiring, many of them, have private tutors, or at least do not heartily encourage regular schools. Thus a vast proportion of the influence and wealth is lost to such institutions as flourish most in the United States; and British schools are generally much behind our own.